



F. Klein Fe.

Quam sceleret, lacrymans augusti Herois in urnam,
 Musa tuum Niope corpus, et Arge tuum!
 Ut fueret Morbi Dolor emulus; utq; tumeat
 Puscula, sic tumeat lacryma, mille oculis
 Flete Dece: Britonum hunc Florem tellure repostu-
 Expromta in lacrymas Cartasis unda riget

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D. D. M.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM;

The Tears of the MUSES:

Expressed in

ELEGIES;

WRITTEN

By divers persons of Nobility and Worth,

Upon the death of the most hopefull,

Henry Lord Hastings,

Onely Sonn of the Right Honourable

FERDINANDO Earl of *Huntingdon*

Heir-generall of the high-born Prince

GEORGE Duke of *Clarence*,

Brother to

King EDWARD the fourth.

Collected and set forth by R. B.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetant mori. Hor.

London, Printed by Tho. Newcomb. 1649.

The Names of the Writers of these
following

E L E G I E S.

Earl of *Westmorland.*

Lord *Falkland.*

Sir *Aston Cokaine.*

Sir *Arthur Gorges.*

M. *Robert Millward.*

M. *Tho. Higgons.*

M. *Charles Cotton.*

M. *Tho. Pestel sen.*

M. *George Fairfax.*

M. *Francis Standish.*

M. *J. Joynes*

M. *Samuel Bold.*

M. *J. Cave.*

M. *Phil. Kindar.*

M. *Robert Herrick.*

M. *John Denham.*

M. *Jo. Hall.*

M. *J. B.*

M. *John Benson.*

M. *J. Bancroft.*

M. *Will. Pestel.*

M. *Tho. Pestel jun.*

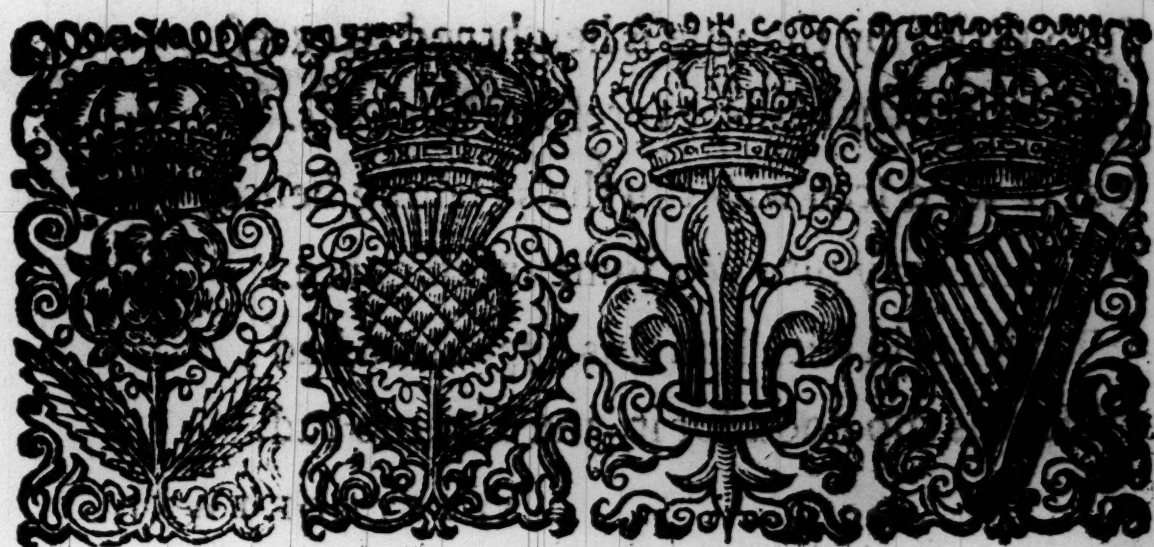
M. *R. P.*

M. *Jo. Rosse.*

M. *Alex. Brome.*

M. *Edward Standish.*

M. *R. Brome.*



Upon the death of the most
hopeful young Lord,
The Lord HASTINGS:
A Remembrance from a Kinsman.

IS there a bright Star faln from this our Sphere,
Yet none sets out some newer Kalender?
Do the Orbs sleep in silence? Is the Scheme
Struck dumb at th'apprehension of the Theme?
I shall not challenge *Booker* here; nor will I
Call up the Mathemat-like dreams of *Lilly*,
To search the reason, sift Prognosticks out,
How this so sad Disaster came about;
Since that to every one it is well known,
The best and precious things are soonest gone.

(2)

Such Grief by th'cause is heightned to excess ;
And where that falls, expression goes less.

Yet if we'd scan why thus he's Hasting hence,
His name may give you some intelligence.

The World with him this opposition had ;
He was too good for it, and that too bad.

WESTMORLAND.



On the death of my worthy
Friend and Kinsman, the Noble,
Vertuous, and Learned
Lord HASTINGS.

Farewel, dear Lord and Friend, since thou hast chose
Rather the Phoenix life, then death of Crows :
Though Death hath ta'n thee, yet I'm glad thy Fame
Must still survive in Learned *Hastings* Name.
For thy great loss, my Fortune I'll condole,
Whilst that *Elizium* enjoys thy soul.

FALKLAND.

A



A Funeral-Elegie upon the death of
Henry Lord Hastings,
 Son to the Right Honorable, *Ferdinando*
 Earl of HUNTINGDON, &c.

K Now all to whom these few sad Lines shall come,
 This melancholy *Epicedium*,

The young Lord *Hastings* death occasion'd it,
 Amidst a storm of Lamentations writ;
 Tempests of sighs and groans, and flowing eyes,
 Whose yeelding balls dissolve to Delugies;
 And mournful Numbers that with dreadful sound
 Wait this bemoaned Body to the ground,
 Are all, and the last Duties we can pay
 That Noble Spirit that is fled away.

'Tis gone, alas! 'tis gone, though it did leave
 A body rich in all Nature could give:
 Superiour in beauty to the Youth
 That won the *Spartan* Queen to forfeit truth,
 Break Wedlocks strictest bonds, and be his wife,
 Invironed with tumults all her life.

His

His yeers were in the Balmy Spring of age,
 Adorn'd with blossoms ripe for Marriage,
 And but mature: His sweet Conditions known
 To be so good, they could be none but's own.
 Our English Nation was enamour'd more
 Of his full Worths, then *Rome* was heretofore
 Of great *Vespasian's* Jew-subduing Heir,
 The love and the delight of Mankind here.
 After a large survey of Histories,
 Our Criticks (curious in Honour, wise
 In paralleling generous souls) will finde,
 This youthful Lord did bear as brave a minde:
 His few, but well-spent yeers, had master'd all
 The Liberal Arts; and his sweet tongue could fall
 Into the ancient Dialects; dispencc
 Sacred *Judea's* amplest Eloquence,
 The Latine Idiomc elegantly true,
 And Greek as rich as *Athens* ever knew:
 The *Italian* and the *French* do both confess
 Him perfect in their Modern Languages.
 At his Nativity, what angry Star
 Malignant Influences flung so far?
 What *Caput Algols*, and what dire Aspects
 Occasioned so Tragical Effects?

As soon as Death this fatal blowe had given,
 I fancy mighty *Clarence* sigh'd in heaven ;
 And (till this glorious soul arrived there)
 Recover'd not from his Amaze and Fear.
 Had this befalln in antient credulous times,
 He had been Deifi'd by Poets Rhymes :
 That Age (enamour'd on his Graces) soon
 Majestick Fanes in Adoration
 Would have rais'd to his Memory, and there
 On Golden Altars, yeer succeeding yeer,
 Burnt holy Incense, and *Sabeen* Gums,
 That Curls of Vapour from those Hecatombs,
 Should reach his soul in heaven. But we must pay
 No such Oblations in our purer Way :
 A nobler Service we him owe then that,
 His fair Example ever r'emulate :
 With the advantage of our double yeers,
 Let's imitate him ; and (through all affairs,
 And all encounters of our lives) intend
 To live like him, and make so good an end.
 To aim at brave things, is an evident signe,
 In Spirits, that to Honour they incline ;
 And (though they do come short in the Contest)
 'Tis full of glory to have done ones best.

You mournful Parents, whom the Fates compel
 To bear the loss of this great Miracle,
 This Wonder of our times ; amidst a sigh,
 (Surrounded with your thickest Calamity)
 Reflect on Joy ; think what an happiness
 (Though Humane Nature here conceits it less)
 It was to have a son of so much worth,
 He was too good to grace the wretched Earth.
 As silver *Trent* through our North Counties glides,
 Adorn'd with Swans, and crown'd with flowry sides ;
 And rushing into mightier *Humber's* waves,
 Augments the Regal *Æstuarium's* braves :
 So he, after a Life of Eighteen yeers,
 Well manag'd, (as Example to our Peers)
 In's early youth (encountering sullen Fate)
 Orecome, became a Trophy to his state.
 Didst thou sleep, *Hymen* ? or art lately grown
 T'affect the Subterranean Region ?
 Enamour'd on blear'd *Libentina's* eyes,
 Hoarse howling Dirges, and the baleful cries
 Of inauspicious voices, and (above
 Thy Star-like Torch) with horrid Tombs in love ?
 Thou art ; or surely hadst oppos'd this hie
 Affront of Death against thy Deitie ;

(7)

Nor wrong'd an excellent Virgin, who had given
Her heart to him, who hath his soul to heaven :
Whose Beauties thou hast clouded, and whose eyes
Drowned in tears of these sad Exequies.
Those fam'd Heroes of the Golden Age,
Those Demi-gods, whose Vertues did assuage
And calm the furies of the wildest Mindes,
That were grown salvage, ev'n against their kindes ;
Might from their Constellations have look'd down,
And (by this young Lord) seen themselves out-gone.
Farewel, admired Spirit, that art free
From this strict prison of Mortality.

Ashby, proud of the honour to enshrine
The beauteous Body, (whence the Soul divine
Did lately part) be careful of thy Trust,
That no profane hand wrong that hallowed Dust.
The costly Marble needs no friend t'engrave
Upon it any doleful Epitaph :
No good man's tongue that office will decline,
Whilst yeers succeeding reach the end of Time.

ASTON COKAINE.

Upon



Upon the Death of
H E N R Y
 Lord
H A S T I N G S.

Since that young *Hastings* 'bove our *Hemisphear*
 Is snatch'd away, O let some *Angels* Wing
 Lend me a Quill, his Noble Fame to rear
 Up to that Quire which *Hallelujah* sing.
 Sure *Heaven* it self for us thought him too good,
 And took him hence just in his strength and prime,
 When Vertue 'gan to make him understood,
 Beyond the Peers and Nobles of his time.
 Wherefore 'twill ask more then a Mortal Pen,
 To speak his worth unto *Posterity* ;
 Whose judgment shin'd 'mongst grave and learned men,
 With true Devotion, and integrity :

For which, in heaven, the Joys of lasting Bliss
 He reaps, whilst we sowe Tears for him we miss.

But

(9)

But I no praise for *Poesie* affect,
Nor Flatteries hoped meed doth me incite ;
Such base-born thoughts, as servile, I reject :
Sorrow doth dictate what my *Zeal* doth write :
Sorrow for that rich Treasure we have lost,
Zeal to the Memory of what we had :
And that is all they can, that can say most.
So sings my *Muse* in *Zeal* and *Sorrow* clad ;
So sang *Achilles* to his silver Harp,
When foul affront had 'rest his fair delight ;
So sings sweet *Philomel* against the Sharp ;
So sings the *Swan*, when life is taking flight :
So sings my *Muse* the notes which *Sorrow* weeps ;
Which *Antheus* sung, my *Muse* for ever sleeps.

ARTHUR GORGES.

EPI



EPIGRAM

Upon the death of the most hopeful,
Henry Lord Hastings,
 Eldest son of the Right Honorable,
 FERDINANDO Earl of *Huntingdon*,
 Heir general of the high-born Prince,
 GEORGE Duke of *Clarence*,
 Brother to King *Edward 4.*

TIs a Mistake ; Lord *Hastings* did not die,
 But 'twas our Hopes, and his great Parents Joy
 That did depart. Is he said to decease,
 That raigns in Glory now, and lives in Peace ?
 Yet may we gently mourn, not that he's gone,
 But left us till the Resurrection.
 Our Joy ought to be more, since he doth get
 A Heavenly Crown, for an Earths Coronet.
 Then let us cease our Tears : for if we grieve
 Too much, too little surely we believe.

ROB. MILLWARD.

An



Upon the death of my Lord *Hastings*.

THese are thy Triumphs, Death, who prid'st to give
Their lives an end, who best deserve to live.

Dull, useles men, whom Nature makes in vain,
Or but to fill her Number and her Train ;
Men by the world remembred but till Death,
Whose empty story endeth with their breath,
Stay till Old-age consume them ; when the Good,
The Noble, and the Wise, ate kill'd i'th' bud.

Such was the Subject of our Grief, in whom
All that times past can boast, or times to come
Can hope, is lost : whose Blood, although its Springs
Stream from the Royal loyns of *Englands* Kings,
His Vertue hath exalted and refin'd ;
For his high Birth was lower then his Minde
But that the Fates, inexorably bent
To mischief Man, and ruine his Content,
Would have this Sacrifice, the Sisters might
Have been affected with so sweet a sight,
And thought their hastie Cruelty a Crime,
To tear him from his Friends before his Time.

THOMAS HIGGONS.

B

An



An Elegie upon the Lord *HASTINGS.*

Amongst the Mourners that attend his Herse
 With flowing eyes, and with each Tear a Verse,
 T'embalm his Fame, and his dear Merit save
 Uninjur'd from th'oblivion of the Grave;
 A Sacrificer I am come to be,
 Of this poor Offring to his Memory.
 O could our pious Meditations thrive
 So well, to keep his better part alive!
 So that, in stead of Him, we could but finde
 Those fair Examples of his Letter'd Minde:
 Vertuous Emulation then might be
 Our hopes of Good men, though not such as He.
 But in his hopeful progress since he's crost,
 Pale Vertue droops, now her best Pattern's lost.
 'Twas hard, neither Divine, nor Humane Parts,
 The strength of Goodness, Learning, and of Arts,
 Full crowds of Friends, nor all the Pray'rs of them,
 Nor that he was the Pillar of his Stem,

Affe-

Affection's Mark, secure of all mens Hate,
 Could rescue him from the sad stroke of Fate.
 Why was not th' Air drest in Prodigious forms,
 To groan in Thunder, and to weep in Storms ?
 And, as at some mens Fall, why did not His
 In Nature work a Metamorphosis ?
 No ; he was gentle, and his soul was sent
 A silent Victim to the Firmament.
 Weep, Ladies, weep, lament great *Hastings* Fall ;
 His House is bury'd in his Funeral :
 Bathe him in Tears, till there appear no trace
 Of those sad Blushes in his lovely face :
 Let there be in't of Guilt no seeming sence,
 Nor other Colour then of Innocence.
 For he was wise and good, though he was young,
 Well suited to the Stock from whence he sprung :
 And what in Youth is Ignorance and Vice,
 In him prov'd Piety of an excellent price.
 Farewel, dear Lord ; and since thy body must
 In time return to its first matter, Dust ;
 Rest in thy melancholy Tomb in peace : for who
 Would longer live, that could but now die so ?

CHA. COTTON.



For the Right Honourable,

L U C I E

Countess of HUNTINGDON.

1649.

From her Honours humblest Servant,

T. P.

Her Soliloquie, or her Meditation.

TIs mystick Union, Man and Wife,
 Yet scarce distinct from Single life,
 Till like the Sun, a Son arise,
 And set them Both before their eyes :
 No sweeter, braver, fairer sight,
 Then thus to stand in our own Light.

And such a Son I joy'd : (Ay me !
 Was ever such a Son as he ?)
 And felt what fervent spirits of Love
 Orbs of Maternal Bowels move.

I wou'd not shun those outward snares,
 Of Shape, of shining eyes and hairs ;

Which

Which still the more they catch, or wound,
More pleasing still their power I found.

And it is lawful, godly too,
To love what Gods own fingers do :
Whose Angels still are sweetly fac'd,
Himself with perfect Beauty grac'd.

But eager Vertue from the Clay,
In words and actions making way
To Sense : in All that heard or saw
Became a fierce almighty Law,
And stoop'd all hearts that were not stone,
Or drown'd in Malice ; or in Moan,
Like mine. So overgone with Wo,
My very Reason bids it go :
Nor lies it in the power of Wit,
By Reason to recover it.

The Rational Reply.

By Reason to recover it,
Sans forlorn Hope, or wings of Wit,
Who serves you, his main Battel brings.
Heark how the feather'd Tempest sings ;
Your clouds of Grief transpiercing quite,
Or hurrying to disordered Flight.

Then (Sorrow vanquish'd) on his Herse
 Rears Trophies of victorious Verse.
 First, let us ask Impatience why
 At gentle Death's approach we cry.
 Sweet Favourite of heaven, that flies
 With *Cupid's* face, but *Hermes* eyes ;
 Whose Rods, and Snakes, and seeming harms,
 Our souls in slumber wisely charms.
 For that poor Spark call'd Life ; the brand,
 The Rush we carry in our hand ;
 Which dropping and defiling spends :
 Death gives Delight that never ends.
 O mad mistake ! Sea-toft, a Calm ;
 And wounded, we reject a Balm :
 Rabide for want of Rest, we keep
 A bawling, and refuse to sleep :
 Dead-weary tir'd, yet scorn to stay ;
 And, Cripple, hurl our Crutch away.
 But these are General : for your pain
 Here's water of a Special vein ;
 Wherein no relish you shall feel
 Of Sulph'ry Wit, but Reasons steel.
 What cou'd you wish your Son ? A pair
 Of Dove-like Eyes ; as *Joseph* fair ;

Straight as young Mountain-*Pines*, whose arms
 The Sun with early kisses warms :
 Guilds, blazons so each Leaf and Limb,
 That Paint is dirt, and Metal dim.
 He was all this, and all that we
 Can fetch from Beauties pedigree.
 The Case so bright, what radiance threw
 The Jewel that it did indue !
 The Queen that held the Throne in state
 Of Grace, there drest and re-create :
 Till like a Lark from earthly Cage
 Enlarg'd, and fir'd with strong new Rage,
 She mounts, and sings in heaven. And what ?
 May we not fall some drops thereat ?
 Good reason, if the Tears you shed
 From joyful brains expansion spread,
 Call it not Grief ; foul Envie 'tis,
 To whine at Saints enshrin'd in bliss.
 Reflect on all the whole worlds frame,
 It climbs and twines to whence it came :
 So Beams that shine, and Streams that flow,
 Back to their Sun and Ocean go.
 So Vernal Flowers, which, at their birth
 Thrust up pure crowns from impure Earth,

Grow by degrees full ripe, and then
Must hide them in their Roots agen.

He parted in Perfection's time,
In Golden Number, and in Prime
Of Life, of Love, and White Report
For Vertue ; past the ranker sort
Of Flash-green youths ; no Vicious Stain
Envenoming his Blood or Brain :
From Duels, Drink, Dice, Cares, Age, Laws,
Faces of Dames, and Eagles Claws,
Exempt : he laughs at us that still
Bleat round the bottom of the hill.

Last, think of your clear open way
To heaven, obstructed by his stay ;
While, more then Mer-Maid, face and words
All Ear-wax melts, and breaks all Cords.
Did not his Look, his Voice and Deed,
With full commerce of Pleasure feed
Your Sense and Soul ? which now takes wing,
Checks not at ought ; nor spies fair thing
Worth stooping at. O let it flie
To Quarries there above the skie.

THO. PESTEL, *Pat.*

On



On the untimely death of
HENRY Lord **HASTINGS**,
 Onely Son to
FERDINAND and **LUCIE**,
 Earl and Countess of *Huntingdon*.

UP, Beldame *Muse* ! thy Climacterick's past :
 But one work more ; thy lastingst, if not last.
 Lord *Hastings* glorious shade before us stands,
 Whose Vertue exacts this Duty from our hands :
 'Twill be a Night-piece, friends : Here never seek
Lucie large-soul'd, and *Ferdinand* the meek ;
 Who both esteem'd it braver work and worth,
 To bring this Son up, then t'have brought him forth.
 He th'Exposition to their double Text,
 The Glas wherein they saw themselves reffext ;
 He, that was He ; and She, and both in one,
 Both she and he, all three, in him are gone.
 This Sun-set all obscur'd : with *Aetna* prest,
 Their burning Giant Grief can take no rest.

To

To print so black a Sorrow fair, I want
 Gold-plate for Paper, Pen of Adamant.
 Veils on those chief Close-mourners faces spread ;
 I pencil out all gentler eyes in Red
 Swoln lids ; as having spent their bottom-store
 Of precious dew-drops, till their hearts are sore.
 Which fast congeal'd Balm has his Herse infixt
 In Chrystal Case, with Pearl and Amber mixt.
 Rare Monument ! but cannot him refine,
 So rich a Saint impov'rishin g his Shrine.
 Was he not purest, fairest, wisest, best ?
 All Graces magazin'd, yet unexpress'd.
 When his bright Bodies eminence I view'd,
 With such a soveraign Intellect indu'd,
 So just and ponder'd Temp'ature to finde,
 So early ripe, so richly matcht in Minde ;
 Choice Gem of Nature, set in Nurturing Gold ;
 Exulting Fancy quick conceiv'd the Mold
 Was ready now, wherein th'Almightie's hand
 Wou'd cast new Nobles, and restore the Land ;
 Whose finest Gold, if in compare it bring,
 Is sure to finde his strong *Mercurial* Sting.
 He caus'd us hurl our Vows, and gave free scope
 To change our Wishes into Present Hope.

But

But O *Sydneian* ! O Blood-Royal Fate !
Great Britains curse, whose sinful, shameful State
 Makes all Heroick Vertue soon decay ;
 Which mad she throws, or just God takes away. .
 So fell our *Ripheus* in *New Troy*, lest he
 Perchance her Fires and instant Ruine see :
 For will that sacred Thundrer never powre
 On such a *Sodom* his revengeful showre ?
 Where Lust and Pride, with their five brethren stand
 In bold defiance of his armed hand :
 Where Lords and Gentry, mindless of white Fame,
 Graceless of old, are now beneath all Shame.

Pardon, fresh Saint, to set thy shining Good
 With such coarse foils, to make it understood :
 To topless height, from their base depth below,
 Thy flaming Pyramid of Praise wou'd grow.
 But for thou joy'st th'applause of Angels there,
 How frivolous are our weak Ecchoes here !

THO. PESTEL *the father.*

Illustrif

Illustrissimi Herois, Domini
HENRICI HASTINGS,
 EPICÆDIUM.

INcipe Musa dolens (causa est heu magna doloris)
 Edere lugubri Carmina mœsta sono.
 Squallida funerea cingas mea Musa cupresso
 Tempora, & in lacrymas fons Heliconis eat.
 Tristia pro letis jam sunt celebranda choreis
 Funera; plorantes tristia sola decent.
 Nunc fletus, pallor, gemitus, suspiria, luctus,
 Atque decent madide funera tanta gene.
 Heu quanta est rigidi dura inclementia Fati?
 Corripit egregium mors inopina virum;
 Cujus erant animo Pietas, Sapientia, Virtus,
 Qui fuerat generis spesque decusque sui;
 Dum parat ut Sponsus tadas celebrare jugales,
 Urna vicem thalamis cogit inire suis.
 Sperata arefcit tenera modò messis in herba,
 Absumptus subito funere penè Puer.

*Sed cum Nestoreis fuerat dignissimus annis,
 Tam citò cur tetricis præda deabus erat ?
 An quia pulcher erat, primæque in Flore Juventa
 Parca fuit teneri capta decore viri ?
 An quod amant Juvenum pasci Exanthemata Flore,
 Signavit niveam Pustula rubra cutem ?
 Pustula Lernæo crescens pollentius angue
 Insperata lues, torruit igne jecur.
 Insuetas Libitina dapes Bellaria gestit,
 Nullaque plebei corporis offa placet.*

Mœstus cecinit, GEOR. FAIRFAX.

Οὐ πολὺν ἀνδρωποὶ ζῶντι χρόνον, ἀλλ' ἐπίχαιρον.
 Ψυχὴ δ' ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρωσ ζῇ διὰ παντός.

PHOCYLIDES.

L Et every generous soul pay to this Herse
 Some tribute of his Grief to flow in Verse.
 Hast not a vein for Verse ? yet if thou could
 Distil each word in Numbers, sure thou would.
 All Sorrows streams flow not from Pens, but Eyes :
 Let others write ; thou ow'st thy Sighs and Cries.

G. F

Upon



Upon the Right Honourable,
 LUCIE Countess of *Huntingdon's* He-
 roick and most Christian bearing
 of that grand Affliction, the
 death of her onely Son,
 The young Lord HASTINGS, &c.

HEavens bless your Wits (dear *Madam*) here's a sad
 Trial, enough to make a *Man* stark mad.

A Cross might vex a blest Saint's patience,
 Were he not mounted 'bove the reach of Sense.

How shall a *female* brest be able then,

To bear a shock might shake the best of *men*?

To me, a Miracle it is, you live;

Much more, to hear that you do onely grieve:

Nay, what is yet more strange to me, that you

In point of Grief, pay Nature *but* her *due*:

As if you could do more then others, and

Had all those rebel-Passions at command.

Upon

Upon a loss so *heavie* as yours is,
 Some *Niobe* had been a *stone*, by this :
 And *we* might plain have read her discontent,
 On *her* still *weeping* Marble-monument.

Madame, you shame the very *Stoicks*, who
 But *talkt* of those brave matters, which you *do*.
 They could *boast* much, and well *discourse* upon
 The *patient* suffering of *affliction*:
 But, when it came to th' point, they ne'er came nie
 This *acting* part of *your* Philosophie.

But, 'tis no wonder that a *Stoick* you
 Out-strip ; I'd see a *Christian* thus much do :
 Shew me a Christian that a Cross will take,
 So heavie, *freely*, for his *Jesus* sake ;
 Or, that shall be presented with a *Cup*
 So *bitter*, and willingly shall drink it *up*.

Well, I had thought, in point of suffering, *no-man*
 Could *me* have stript ; but now, I *yeeld* t'a *woman*.

And (*Madame*) this I am resolv'd upon,
 Your heart is *full of Grace*, or made of *Stone*.

FRANCIS STANDISH.

An



An *E L E G I E*

Upon the death of *H E N R Y* Lord
H A S T I N G S, the onely Son and
 Heir of the Right Honorable *F E R D I -*
N A N D O Earl of *Huntingdon*;
 Deceasing immediately before the day
 designed for his Marriage.

FOrbear, forbear, *Great house of Huntingdon*,
 T'engross this Grief, as if 'twere all your own:
 The *Kingdom* has a share; and every *Eye*
 Claims priviledge to weep *his* Elegie.

The *Mirrou* of our Age, Lord *Hastings* dead?
 And in his Urn, our *hopes*, thus, buried?
 And shall not *we* come in, (who share i'th' smart)
 In your sad confort, to lament our part?

We must—or, if that language be you say,
 Rude, and uncivil; *we intreat we may*.

Alas! our griefs swell high, whilst inward pent;
 They'll burst our hearts, unless we give them vent.

For pity then, if not to spare *your* eyes,

Let *our* tears joyn, to mourn his Obsequies.

Sweet souls, alas! when we have wept our fill,
 You'll finde enough of tears, for you left, still.

But stay—What voice was that? Methinks I hear
 My better *Angel* whisp'ring in my ear
Words of another strain, which purer are
 Then what my *Carnal Muse* suggesteth, far.

What though our loss be great; so great, that none
 In our *Age* has exceeded it, but *One*?
 Yet, this is not the way t'express our *Pieties*,
 By making large *Alembecks* of our Eyes.
 The greater our loss is, the more's his gains;
 And, whom our *eyes* think dead, our *hearts* know
 A *Saint* in heaven: who, being *there inthron'd*, (reigns
 How can he take it, *here* to be bemoan'd?
 Away then with these *Pagan* Rites, and be
 More *Christian-like* in your Solemnity:
 And know, he celebrates his *Fun'ral* best,
 Who comes unto 't, as to a *Nuptial*-feast.
 And truly, 'tis his *Nuptial*-feast indeed;
 Not, that which *Man* meant, but, which *God* decreed.
 A Marriage fit for him; and, in my sence,
 Most futable unto his *Innocence*:
 A Marriage with the *Lamb*, who took his sin,
 First, quite away from him; and then, took *Him*.
 Why should we mourn then? how can it but please us?
 When young Lord *Hastings* married to his *Jesus*.

FRA. STANDISH.

C

On



On the incomparable Lord HASTINGS :
An ELEGIE.

TO speak thy Praises, or our Sorrows, now,
 Are both impossible. Alone they know
 (Exalted Soul) thy worth, who now above
 Converse with thee by Intellect and Love.
 Grief onely, and dumb Admiration, are
 The Legacies thou hast bequeath'd us here.
 This onely woful Comfort's left us now ;
 Our Misery's compleat : Fate knows not how,
 Beyond this, to inflict another wound :
 " They fear not falling, that lie on the ground.

Not perfect Bankrupt was this Land till now,
 Nor her sick lapsed desp'rate state below
 The hopes of all recovery : till His fall,
 We could not justly say we had lost All.
 We could not say, while he was yet alive,
 Truth and Religion did not still survive :
 There was a Church and Academy still :
 All Vertue, whilst he liv'd, they could not kill.
 Justice and Honour ; whatsoever's good,
 Was not yet fled from Earth to Heaven. Still stood

In him (that Cypher for these many yeers)
 Th'opprest, and now quite ruin'd House of Peers.
 All these, not lost, but outlaw'd, did conspire,
 To him, as to their centre, to retire.

But he is gone ; and now this carcase, World,
 Is into her first, rude, dark Chaos, hurl'd.

Vertue and Knowledge now for Monsters go :
 To grope out Truth henceforth, how shall we do ?
 Or finde what's Just or Sense ? To whom repair,
 To let us know those things have been (not are.)
 Further then him, before, you need not move,

To learn the *Placits* of the ^aPorch or Grove. a *Stoick and*

Or had you pleased to consult the Sprite Academick

Of the deep ^b *Samian*, or ^c *Stagyrite*, b *Pythagoras*

^d *Cordova's Sage*, or ^e him that did renown c *Aristotle.*

The scarce-before-him-known ^f *Bæotian Town*: d *Seneca.*

Rome, Athens, Sybils Oracles could teach e *Plutarch.*

Nothing not comprehended in his reach. f *Cheronea.*

Was none so hopeful Instrument as he,
 The savage World t' reduce from Levity ;
 Purge and restore our Manners, and call home
 Civility to barb'rous Christendome.

For this great Work, he furnisht was like those
 Upon whose sacred heads did once repose,

In shape of parted Tongues, celestial Fire :
 What they infused had, he did acquire :
 Unless we justly make a doubt, wheth'r He
 At Eighteen could in full possession be
 (Without a Miracle) of all Tongues ; one
 Whereof to purchase asks an Age alone.
 Him in's own Language might have heard indite,
 The Swarthy *Arab*, or the *Elamite* :
 What *Athens* heard, or *Solyma*, or *Rome*
 Of old, that from his tongue did flowing come :
 He, that now drinks of *Tyber*, or of *Po*,
 Utters not that word that he did not know :
 No more doth he that tastes the Streams of *Sceine*,
 Or those of *Celtica*, or *Aquitain*.

He was indeed a Miracle : and we,
 That Miracles are ceas'd, may now agree.
 How could we hope t' enjoy him, being one,
 Whose new profane Opinion says, There's none ?
 Besides this, our own wicked Merits might
 Instruct us ; 'Twixt our Darknes, and his Light,
 There could not be a long Communion.
 In vain therefore, alas, did we go on,
 To light his Nuptial-Tapers, and invoke
Juno and *Hymen*, and the air to choke

With

With ecchoing Epithalms ; the whilst above,
 Th' Angel'ck Quire, enflamed with his love,
 Court him from us, to those Celestial Bowers,
 As fitting for their Consort, and not ours.
 So unto Heaven (our thoughts being fixt on Clay)
 In's Fever's fiery Chariot he takes way :
 The weeks first day sets forth ; and six days done,
 (As God had his) his Sabbath he begun.

Thrice happie Soul ! whose Work and Labour gone,
 Holds with thy Maker's such proportion.
 Now whether he a Constellation be,
 Intelligence, or Tut'lar Deity,
 Is hid from us. 'Tis great'st part of our cross,
 Nothing of him to know or feel, but's loss :
 Which though we could not read in leaves of Fate,
 Thy Tow'rs (O *Abby*) did prognosticate,
 Which fell the dutious ushers to his fall :
 There was no further use of them at all,
 Since he must fall, for whose sake they had stood :
 "Not be at all, as to no end, 's as good.
 This these Prophetick Buildings did perceive,
 And, bowing to the ground before, took leave.

JO. JOYNES.



A Funeral-Elegie upon the Right Honourable the Lord HASTINGS.

WHat Soil is this, where nothing that is good,
 Nor Vertues branch, can live, nor Beauties bud ?
 For thou wast both, great Heroe, on whose head
 The Muses and the Graces both had shed
 And pour'd out all their store : for Form and Wit,
 Vertue and Honour, there did crowned sit,
 As in their Temple, where they chose to shine ;
 And, being Deities, made thee their Shrine :
 Yea, great *Apollo* thought once to resigne,
 And make thee President of all the Nine.
 For us, poor Dwarfs in Science, we thought fit
 To hold in Fee, of thy great Giant-wit,
 Those smaller parcels which we have of Art,
 And pay thee Tribute, each one for his part.
 For thou wert second *Verulam*, to disclose
 Nature's dark Secrets : and if any pose
 'Bout Metaphysicks, he might answer'd be,
 And read no other *Suarez* o're, but thee,

Where-

Wherefore great *Phœbus* did at length combine
 With *Hymen*, to perpetuate thy Line,
 By matching with *Astrea*: this seem'd fit,
 To him that's god of Physick, and of Wit;
 That in this ebbe of Justice, Wisdom, Grace,
 Thou mightst be Stem and Root of such a Race,
 As might revive dead Vertue, and restore
 To present view what th'Heroes did of yore,
 By quelling Monsters, purging Ordures hence,
 Of Vice and Sin, that stain the Conscience.

And this we hoped all: yea, 't had been done,
 Had not the Soil been *England*, whereupon
 This noble Branch was planted: but she hates
 Ever her gen'rous Plants: here culminates
 Old *Saturn*, enemy to all that's good,
 Eating his childrens Flesh, swilling their Blood:
 And *England* is his Sister; Mother of Sins,
 Stepdame to Vertues, Nurse of Assassins.
 A Soil that fosters Brambles, Shrubs, and Thorns;
 Slaughter's the Lamb, and sets up Beasts with Horns.
 A Soil, that nurses Briars, Weeds, and Rape;
 But starves the Olive, Fig-tree, and the Grape;
 Those Nobler Plants, and glory of the Wood,
 To all that know what's Sovereign, Sweet, and Good.

Go travel then, brave Soul, take wing, and flie
 From place accurst, where nought but Perjurie,
 Rapine and Blood do swagger ; and where all
 Must turn eith'r Country-Carl, or *Cannibal*,
 That means to live : Noble here must be none.
 Nor gen'rous Plants, whilst Brambles hold the Throne.
 Fly then from *Babylon* up to *Sion* ; there's
 In Heaven both Monarch, and an House of Peers ;
 Yea, there are Bishops too, with grave aspect,
 The Churches Nobles, all with glories deckt :
 And there's an Academ, though here's none now,
 Where high Degrees are given to such as thou.
 Doctors, Virgins, and Martyrs, these are three,
 Say ancient Fathers, that have Dignity ;
 Certain *Aureola's* above the rest,
 Because that these have earned Glory best.
 Thou art these three : Doctor in learned Lore ;
 Virgin as pure, as any there before,
 Save onely one : and Martyr sure thou art,
 If either Love or Fever plaid his part.
 Hie then, immortal Soul, to thine own Sphere,
 Where these three Crowns attend thee ; and shine there
 A glorious Constellation, far above
 The frowns of Fortune, or the pangs of Love.

S. BOLD.

An



An *ELOGI*ε

Upon the most lamented death of the
 Lord *HASTINGS*,
 Onely Son and Heir to the Right Hono-
 rable the Earl of *Huntingdon*.

Deceased at LONDON, 1649.

Teach me (dread Fate) out of thy strong-clasp'd book,
 Whose every Marble page as vast doth look
 As th'immense Volume of Eternity,
 Whereto for Index serves Mortality.

Teach me (dread Sire, while I have time a while)
 These two flat Contraries to reconcile ;
 Th' *Effect* to be, and still and still subsist ;
 The *Cause* to vanish, and yet ne'er be mist :
Goodness one main toward Subsistencie,
 As convertible in the * Trinitie
 Of *Being*, thus to pass as nothing were
 Dependent from it in this *Worlds* Matter ;

* *Ens, Verum &
 Bonum conver-*
tuntur. Arist.

And

And yet that Matter 'tis suppos'd to be,
Except as truely Good, no Entity.

The Riddles out th'Abstract HÆ took away,
Yet left the Concrete World Good still; to stay,
To tell the Speculators of our time,
How meerly supernatural, sublime
Hī s being in it was; and (if of Hī M)
Our notions may be: so shall we esteem
No Loss b'our losing Goodness; but 't more improv'd,
More highly honor'd, and more dearly lov'd,
Then when 'twas Consubstantial: so shall all
That but minde Hī M, grow Metaphysicall,
Rarely transcendent, as HÆ was: for Minde,
An Extract 'bove the mix of earth-Mankinde;
Such as to which, Place, Wealth, Pow'r, Goodness, give,
To make them (what they would be thought) To live.

This Noble Top-sprig grew from such a Stem
As well might serve t'adorn a Diadem;
To give and take a lustre, whose bright rays
Might have dispell'd the Fog of these black days.
Oh what an Expectation have we lost,
That now but t'have had such, we are left to boast!
And with an impious Modestie shall blame
Even Destiny, that left us nought but's Name:

A Name so glorious in what ere is Hie,
That it will stand inroll'd t'Eternitie.

Great *Huntingdon's* grac'd HEIR went from us hence
A gracious Victim to high Providence.

*Ad raptum primi Mobilis Domini C. C. raptim
sic flevit deditiss. familia ejusdem &*

Humillimus servus,

J. CAVE.



Upon the death of the Lord *Hastings*.

Here — Stay, Tears, until these Obsequies
Have had their Rights perform'd. Here — here lies
Th'Off-spring of the gods, *Apollo's* glory,
The Muses Morning-star; the true Story
Of faign'd *Adonis*. Whatsoe'er is said
Of Angels blifs, within this Tomb is laid.

Nature, if ever, as before of old,

Thou shalt form Vertue, frame it of this Mold.
Flow Tears, now flow amain, to wash this Tomb,
And keep it fair until the day of Doom.

PHIL. KINDAR.

The



The New Charon,
 Upon the death of *Henry Lord Hastings.*
The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.

The Speakers,
Chiron and Eucofmeia.

Enc. **C***Haron, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th'shore,*
And to thy many, take in one soul more.

Cha. Who calls? who calls? *Enc.* One overwhelm'd with
 Have pity either on my Tears or Youth, (ruth;
 And take me in, who am in deep Distress;
 But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness.

Cha. I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds
 A breath of Balm along th'*Elizean* fields. (ver,
 Speak, what art thou? *Enc.* One, once that had a lo-
 Then which, thy self ne'er waisted sweeter over.

He was— *Cha.* Say what. *Eu.* Ay me, my woes are

Cha. Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep. (deep.

Enc. He was an *Hastings*; and that one Name has
 In it all Good, that is, and ever was.

He

He was my *Life*, my *Love*, my *Joy* ; but di'd
Some hours before I shou'd have been his Bride.

Chorus. *Thus, thus the Gods celestial still decree,
For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.*

Enc. The *hallowed Tapers* all prepared were,
And *Hymen* call'd to bless the Rites. *Cha.* Stop there.

Enc. Great are my woes *Cha.* And great must that Grief
That makes grim *Charon* thus to pity thee. (be,
But now come in. *Enc.* More let me yet relate.

Cha. I cannot stay ; more souls for wastage wait,
And I must hence. *En.* Yet let me thus much know,
Departing hence, where Good and Bad souls go.

Cha. Those souls which ne'er were drencht in pleasures
The Fields of *Pluto* are reserv'd for them ; (stream,
Where, drest with garlands, there they walk the ground,
Whose blessed Youth with endless flow'rs is crown'd.
But such as have been drown'd in this wilde Sea,
For those is kept the Gulf of *Hecate* ;
Where, with their own contagion they are fed ;
And there do punish, and are punished.
This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,
When on the Flood that nine times circles Hell

Chorus. *We sail along, to visit mortals never ;
But there to live, where Love shall last for ever.*



An ELEGIE

Upon the death of the Lord HASTINGS.

REader, preserve thy peace : those busie eyes
 Will weep at their own sad Discoveries ;
 When every line they adde, improves thy loss,
 Till, having view'd the whole, they sum a Cross,
 Such as derides thy Passions best relief,
 And scorns the succours of thy easie Grief.
 Yet lest thy Ignorance betray thy name
 Of Man, and Pious ; read, and mourn : the shame
 Of an exemption from just sense, doth show
 Irrational, beyond excessive Wo.
 Since Reason then can priviledge a Tear,
 Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that Tribute here
 Upon this Noble Urn. Here, here remains
 Dust far more precious then in *India's* veins :
 Within these cold embraces ravisht lies
 That which compleats the Ages Tyrannies ;
 Who weak to such another Ill appear :
 For, what destroys our Hope, secures our Fear.

What

What Sin unexpiated in this Land
 Of Groans, hath guided so severe a hand ?
 The late Great Victim that your Altars knew,
 You angry gods, might have excus'd this new
 Oblation ; and have spar'd one lofty Light
 Of Vertue, to inform our steps aright :
 By whose Example good, condemned we
 Might have run on to kinder Destiny.
 But as the Leader of the Herd fell first,
 A Sacrifice to quench the raging thirst
 Of inflam'd Vengeance for past Crimes : so none
 But this white fatted Youngling could atone,
 By his untimely Fate, that impious Smoke
 That sullied Earth, and did Heaven's pity choke.
 Let it suffice for us, that we have lost,
 In Him, more then the widow'd World can boast
 In any lump of her remaining Clay.
 Fair as the gray ey'd Morn, He was : the Day,
 Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
 No haste like that of his increasing Parts :
 Like the Meridian-beam, his Vertues light
 Was seen ; as full of comfort, and as bright.
 Ah that that Noon had been as fixt as clear ! but He,
 That onely wanted Immortality

To make him perfect, now submits to night ;
 In the black bosom of whose sable Spight,
 He leaves a cloud of Flesh behinde, and flies,
 Refin'd all Ray and Glory, to the Skies.
 Great *Saint* shine there in an eternal Sphere,
 And tell those Powers to whom thou now drawst neer,
 That, by our trembling Sense, in HASTINGS dead,
 Their Anger, and our ugly Faults, are read :
 The short lines of whose Life did to our eyes,
 Their Love and Majestie epitomize.
 Tell them whose stern Decrees impose our Laws,
 The feasted Grave may close her hollow Jaws.
 Though Sin search Nature, to provide her here
 A second Entertainment half so dear ;
 She'll never meet a Plenty like this Herse,
 Till Time present her with the Universe.

JOHN DENHAM.

To



To the
 Earl of *HUNTINGDON*,
 On the death of his Son.

My Lord,

Could any Tears our Miseries remove,
 Redeem our Losses, or assuage our Love,
 Blest were you, though you paid for ev'ry Tear
 As rich a Jewel as the *West* can bear,
 And did, for ev'ry Sigh or Groan, dispense
 An od'rous Tempest of Masle Frankincense.
 But these impossible Wishes cannot finde
 A place ; and are but scatter'd by the Winde.
 The Laws by which the World is govern'd, are
 As Indispensable as Regular.
 A perisht Flower can from that Central fire
 That lurks within its seed, next Spring aspire

D

Unto

Unto its former life and beauty : But
 Pityable Man, when once his eyes are shut,
 Is no more seen ; but past recov'ry lost ;
 A tender fleeting Form, a Bloodless Ghost.

And, 'las, that God-like Youth that did amaze
 All Expectations, and faln Vertue raise
 Beyond her known *Idea's* ; He, in whom
 So many Noble Bloods had found their home ;
 (Like some fam'd *River*, whose proud streams are great,
 Because that Other *Rivers* therein meet :)
 He that was onely like Himself ; hath quit
 His Cage of Clay ; I saw a paleness sit
 Upon his lips, and lurid darkness break
 And chase the Orient Purple of his cheek.
 I saw his Eyes seal'd to eternal *Night*,
 And all those Spices which Corruption fright
 Straw'd on his Waxen Limbs. He's gone, he's gone,
 And cruelly fled ; and yet not he alone,
 But Courage, Sweetness, Innocence, and Truth,
 And all those sweet imbellishments of Youth ;
 And all those full Perfections which engage
 Our praise, and cast a reverence on Age ;
 And all those Arts, which by long toil acquir'd,
 Do make men either useful or admir'd :

All which he mastred, not as others, who
 By lame Degrees to a Full stature grow ;
 He, at the first, was such : what other men
 From Climate, Humour, Temper, Custom gain,
 Nature endow'd him with : and though she please
 To d' all her works at leasure, by degrees ;
 In this vast *Miracle* she her self surpast,
 And shew'd, at once, Perfection and Haste.
 Nor was there any thing in him to weed,
 To prune, or straighten : that Celestial Seed
 The Stars had shed into him, could not flow
 To Loofness, nor yet poorly under-grow.
 Nothing in him was crooked, lame, or flat,
 But *Geometrically* proportionate :
 Nor had he that which the severely Wise
 Deplore in Men, and would abolish ; Vice.
 His was a Snowie soul, a pure Essence
 So clearly shining in 'ts first Innocence,
 That He did that Opinion true declare,
 That Vice and Evil utter Nothings are.

Nor was his Knowledge other : that pure Minde
 Was too *Æthereal*, and too refin'd,
 To know or common Paths, or common Bounds :
 His was like Lightning, which all Sight confounds,

And strikes so swiftly, that it seems to be
Rather the object of the Memory.

Thus did he oft his Tutors sense prevent,
And happily surprise him in's intent :

Thus he o'er-ruin all Science, (like a King
Conquering by approach) as if that every Thing,
Stript of its outward dross, and all refin'd
Into a Form, lay open to his Minde :

Or his pure Minde could suddenly disperse
Itself all ways, and th'row all Objects pierce.

Yet whatsoe'er into his Minde did pass,
Though writ in *Water*, did remain in *Brass*.

Yet has this *Genius* made a sad depart,
Maugre those strong Resistances of Art,

Which the wise-pow'rful *MAYERN*, (who can give
As much as poor Mortality can receive)

Could, like a *Father*, make ; maugre the Vows
And holy Ardences of a melting *Spouse* ;

Maugre that strength of yeers which had not known
His tender Cheeks blossom'd by their first Down ;

Maugre those Hopes which did so bravely feign

That a great Race should spring from him again ;

A Race of *Hastings's*, whose High Deeds should raise
New lustre to their *Grand-fires* Images.

But

But ('las) these Hopes are now meer Dreams become,
And all those Glories buried in his Tomb.

Too rigorous *Fates*, 'tis but an envions sport,
To make those Lives that are most brave, most short ;
Or in destroying *Heroes* do you finde
A way so oft to Massacre Mankind ?
Or cannot milder Heaven one Influence throw,
To make one thing Glorious and Lasting too ?
But there's a difference 'twixt Heav'n and Earth,
And those things which from Each receive their birth :
On Earth, the finest things fade soonest ; there,
Ill-boding Meteors the most short-liv'd are.

And yet, (*my Lord*) since that Celestial fire
That is shut up within us, doth aspire,
Being once freed, like an ambitious Flame,
Unto that Fountain, from whence first it came ;
With what a glorious Brightness is He gone,
May we suppose, that so augustly shone
Even th'row his Clay ? What ravishing Transports now
Seize on that Intellect ? How doth it glow
With fresh Illapses of the purest Light,
Free from the Bondage of chill Sense and Night ?
How do the *ghosts* with admiration gaze
On this great Shade ! With what a proud amaze

Some look on what he was, whiles others ween,
 With emulous Sorrow, what he should have been !
 Whilst that his Love, exalted by its Loss,
 Does more sublim'd intuitive species toss ;
 And, swoln above it self, serenely move
 In that great Centre of Light, Life, and Love ;
 Where I must lose him : For, can I express
 What *He's*, that am not *He* ? But this confess,
My Lord, that since you measure by his bliss
 Your Wishes, this his *Apotheosis*
 (Where part of you is Deifi'd) must call
 Your Acclamations, but no Grief at all.
 He's now at peace, disturb him not with Fears,
 Nor violate his Ashes with your Tears.

J. HALL.

In



In obitum

Henrici Domini Hastingsii,
 Filii, FERDINANDI Comit^{is} Huntingdonii,
 unici : Simulac * Unionis, totius Angliæ,
 pretiosissimi.

EPITAPHIUM.

H *Ec* Gemma est, pro quâ, Venus & cum Pallade, Juno,
 Antiquam litem, tres renovâre Deæ.*

Vincere erant omnes, ipso Jove Judice, digne ;

Vincere, sed cunctæ non potuêre Deæ.

Ergo, memor strages quantas lis prima dedisset,

Jupiter hanc Gemmam condidit hoc Tumulo.

Anglicè.

Here lies a * Jewel, for which strove

Pallas, Juno, and Queen of Love.

Jove being Judge, they all were thought

Worthy to ha't, but all could not.

Remembring therefore what great Wars

Fell out, upon their former Jars ;

Jove, to prevent the like to come,

He lockt this Jewel in this Tomb.

FRANCISCUS STANDISH.



In Honour to the Great Memorial of the
 Right Honourable
Henry Lord Hastings, deceased;
 Late, the most Hopeful, Onely Son,
 and Heir apparent to the Right
 Honourable FERDINANDO
 Earl of *Huntingdon*.

B Lush, ye Pretenders to *Astrologic*,
 That tell us Stories out of *Ptolomie*,
Kepler, with others ; what shall be this year
 Th'effects of *Saturn* joyn'd with *Jupiter* ;
 But could not tell us that our *Sun* should Set,
 To rise no more within this Sphere ; nor yet
 Th'Effects we have since felt : That such a *Star*
 (For whose vast Loss we now sad Mourners are)
 Its much-admired Influence should withdraw,
 And be No more, to us, Ye ne'er foresaw.
 This, had you but predicted long ago,
 We might have been prepar'd for such a Blowe.
 But Oh Accursed-Envious-Fowl Disease !
 Within thy Circuit, could none other please

Thy

Thy Palate : Was thy Thirst so great,
 That, onely, *Noble Blood* must quench the Heat ?
 Hadst thou miss'd him, we could have spar'd thee Store ;
 Or with thy *Phangs* hadst mark'd him, and No more ;
 Our Curses had been spared : nor should we
 Have call'd thy Footsteps a Deformity.

But thus, to seize on Honour, Beauty, Youth,
 And at one Draught Carouse them, plainly doth
 Convince us, That with Death thou didst agree,
 To *Storm* this *Fort*, which, else, had kept out Thee.

Cupid, no more be stil'd a Deity ;

Thy *Bowe* and *Quiver*, may they shatter'd lie :
 And *Hymen*, henceforth be thine *Altars* raz'd,
 Thy *Priests* be dumb, thy *Temples* all defac'd :
 Since that for This, your Pow'rs conjoyned were,
 To sport your selves with this *so Noble Pair*.

Why were your *Torches* lighted in their Eyes ?
 Pretending *Nuptials*, meaning *Sacrifice*.

What *Advocate* will dare to justifie,
 Or Story match, this *Matchless Tyranny* ?
 But 'tis in vain ; in vain we do Increase
 Our Woes, complaining, which are Numberless.

Put *Fate*, we *serve*, not *search* thy deep Intents,
 Nor dare we Quarrel at those cross Events

Accoast

Accoast us daily. We would onely pay
 The rites of our poor Tears, t' his Memory.
 Had this our Loss been but a Private one,
 'T had been the loss (yet) of a Precious Stone :
 But as a Mighty Rock, shrunk from his place,
 Unfixeth all about it, is our Case.
 Should we now drain the Fountain of our Eyes,
 And bring in Rivers 'stead of Elegies ;
 Could we at once weep Blood, and rend our Hearts,
 Still we should come far short ' his great Deserts.
 Since then there is no Vertue in our Tears,
 To warm his Bloodless Limbs : since w' ought to bear
 Our Crosses with smoothe brows, and to submit
 To *Heaven's* Decree, who best knows what is fit ;
 'Thrice-Noble Pair of Mourners at this Hearse;
 Who claim Chief Priviledge ; Why do your Tears
 Still issue forth ? Oh do not lend a Voice
 To Grief so sad ; and make so shrill a Noise,
 Ecchoing Fruitless Groans, that fill the Skie,
 And thus Lament his state ye should Envie.
 There is a time for Tears ; but certainly,
 There is a time to lay those Sorrows by.
 Resolved, therefore, on the Question, We
 Will doat no more on Earth's Inconstancy :

For, If to Man and Beast the Lot's all one,
 What Priviledge have we to build upon ?
 If the tall Cedars must be Levell'd, why
 Should humble Shrubs expect Security ?
 Resolved, also, Their Condition's best,
 Whom Heaven hath taken to Eternal Rest :
 Whither, Great Soul, th'art fled, and now dost reign
 Above in Majestie, neer *Charles* his Wain.

J. B.



Upon the much-lamented death of the
 Lord HASTINGS.

HOW richly is thy *Sepulchre* adorn'd !
 With how much State thy *Obsequies* perform'd !
 Drest in their Sable Robes, each *Muse* out-vies
 The other, in their mournful *Elegies* :
Mournful indeed, since thy own Loss sends forth
 A Grief as great, as (living) thou hadst *Worth*.
 Our *Pens* grace not thy Herse enough ; it wears
 The mournful *Livery* of thy *Country's* tears ;
Widowed, ere *Married*, to thy Parts ; that so
 Thy Love writes *Maid*, yet is half *Widow* too.
 All good men *mourn* : the *Weeps*, 'cause thou art gone.
Fain would I die, to be thus wept upon.

JO. BENSON, *Hosp. Lincoln.*

To



To the never-dying Memory of the
Noble Lord *Hastings*, &c.

The meanest Son of the Muses consecrates this

E L E G I E.

What ? will my cloudy forehead never clear ?
Shall I the arms of Sorrow ever bear
Croft'bout my Skeleton ? and shall mine eye
Be like *Aquarius* Pitcher, never dry ?
O surely never ! Grief from yeer to yeer
Rents my poor Heart, and makes his Home-stead there :
Affliction gripes me, as young *Hercules*
The gasping Snakes : Nor can I hope for ease,
When noble *Hastings*, in whom Hope did lie,
At Anchor, is storm'd hence by Destiny ;
And, like a *Paphian* Rose but newly thrust
Out of its Green Bed, blasted into Dust.
Remorseless Fate ! be hateful as thy Harms,
That rudely pluckst out of their Countries arms
Her loveliest Pledges : couldst thou not have seiz'd
Upon some worthless Wretches long diseas'd,

Or

Or fell'd some sturdie Oaks, that have so long
 Done with stiff arms the bending Willows wrong ;
 But needs thou must a Noble Plant remove,
 So fixt in Piety, so fill'd with Love
 And Goodness, as before our Grandfire's Fall
 He had begotten been, and Nature (all
 That intersected time till he was born)
 Had studied how her dear Work to adorn ?
 Thou in meer pity mightst have taken Truce
 A while, and given him longer use
 Of vital Joys. But thus rare Flowers fail
 As soon as blown ; sweet Spices most exhale ;
 Fair shining Gems too frequently are crackt ;
 And richly-laden Vessels quickly wrackt.
 Come, noble Nymphs, drop Sorrows Pearls apace
 Into his Sepulchre, and on that place
 Sweet Flowers plant, that Embleme-wise may show
 His sweeter Graces for whose sake they grow ;
 And cause his fresh Grave visited to be,
 As a rare Garden, and rich Treasury.
 You worthy Parents of this peerless Son,
 Think that you see him (now his Part is done
 On this lowe Stage) applauded by the hie
 Angels, i' th' Court of blest Eternity :

And

(36)
And let such tow'ring Contemplations throw
Your Sorrows down, and smother all your Wo.
What ere was wanting in his Life's extent,
His Fame supplies, without a Monument :
Who with all weight of Worth that Youth could have,
Sank to the restful centre of the Grave,
As th' Indian dives for Pearls. But Pearls, and Gems,
And all those dazzling things call'd Diadems,
What are they to the Glories that surround
His dearer Soul, i' th' heavenly Palace Crown'd ?
Where, above Mortal Change, and Fatal Chance,
He (while the rapt Orbs their *Lavolta's* dance)
Sings Hymns of Joy, and with the Angels Quire
Keeps a blest time, that never shall expire.

An Epitaph on the same.

Tread off, prophaner feet, forbear
To press this hallowed mold, where lies
Fair Vertue's and high Honour's Heir,
The Darling of the bounteous Skies ;
Who by rare Parts, the flight of Fame,
In Life, out-went ; in Death, his Name.

THO. BANCROFT.



An *ELEGIE*

On the death of the Right Honourable,
Henry Lord Hastings ;

Presented at his Funeral.

HOW comes this press of People to this place,
Oppress'd with inward Anguish? On each face
Sorrow sits deeply printed ; and each eye,
Swoln big with Grief, drops down an Elegie.
'Tis Love, that *Magnes* of the world, that drew
This sad Assembly hither, not to view
Each other, but with Zeal and Service pure,
To wait on him, who, living, I am sure,
Was so compleat Perfection, that I may
(*Sans* Flatt'ry) call him Miracle, and say,
He di'd to make his Motto good, this way,
In height of Gratitude, for to exprefs,
He honour'd us to wait upon his Herse.
Who can be silent now, or so dull grown,
Not to have sense? An universal Groan

Befits

Befits a Gen'ral Lofs. Come, let us figh
 Together ; fo conspiring far more high
 To raife his Fame and Monument : I know
 The gentler Windes will their affiftance show,
 And on their wings transport his lovely Name
 As far as *Titan* with his fulgent Flame
 Doth gild the World. This done, their lateft breath,
 In hoarfe and hollow Murmures againft Death,
 They will expire : which I fhould alfo do,
 Were it not Womanifh, and Childifh too.
 We may not grieve too much, left it fhould prove
 Envie at Happinefs, not Signes of Love.
 For he was Vertue's Magazine, and thence
 He did difperfe his pretious Influence
 On all about him. He was right compleat,
 And, which is wonderful, as Good as Great.
 Ceafe then your Grief, and dry your eyes : though hence
 He's fled, yet ftill a great Intelligence
 He lives ; and will for many Ages ftand,
 For Life and Learning, Mirrour of the Land.

W. PESTEL.

On



ON
HENRY Lord HASTINGS.

THree Loyal HE NR I E S, sprung from *Huntingdon*,
 We saw alive : the First and Last are gone,
 Bright Saints to Heaven, above all Fanci'd Spheres,
 To meet their Sovereign in That House of Peers :
 The Third, Gods hand by Wonder hath preserv'd,
 In whom their Honour Trebly is reserv'd.
 So *Sybil's* Books consum'd ; the Last, contains
 Their precious Truths, and Treble Value gains.
 Howe'er, we sadly mourn his Nephew's Fate
 Makes Widow'd *England* still more desolate.
 Oh, never Such a Son to Parents mind ;
 Oh, never Subject Loyaller inclin'd ;
 Oh, none more Pious, none more Man, so soon ;
 Ripe for his Set, ere rais'd to half his Noon.
 That mightier hand, that stopp'd the mighty Sun,
 Can th'row his Circle, sooner, make him run.
 A varied Fever had surpriz'd his Head,
 And Death ensn'd, when Royal Blood he bled.

Bodies live not, when Head and Heart decays,
 Where all their Veins are right *Basilica's*.
 The Fountain dri'd, how should the Chancel run?
 Goodnight to Stars, when Darkned is the Sun.

Thus Royal, Loyal, Learn'd, Lov'd *Hastings* lies;
 All Good mens Loss; to Saints, a glorious Prize.

THO. PESTELLUS, *filius*.



EPICEDION

In obitum Domini HENRICI HASTINGS
 Baronis, Illustrissimi.

Sanguineas Oculis lachrymas effundere possem,
 Infandum damnum si reparare queam.

Sed frustra. Tantum lachrymis aquare dolorem

Non opis est nostræ. Tetricæ siste dolor.

Quomodo virtutes comprehendam Epicedia scribens

Carminè, quas nullus vel numerare potis?

Doctrinæ, ingenii lumen columenque sepultum

Hoc, nostro Zenith, Sole cadente jacet.

Nonne

Nonne vides Flores exciadi tempore Verno ?

*Dulcis sic cecidit Flosculus ingenii,
Heros illustris, nulli Pietato secundus ;
Tantum annis juvenis, Cognitione senex.*

*Ingenuas Artes didicit Juvenilibus annis ;
Virtutum centrum, Relligionis honos.*

*Mystica cunctorum primordia novit ad unguem :
Doctrina eximia calluit omne genus.*

*Procedam ulterius ? tantum est renovare Dolorem
Infandum. Jam nunc gurrula Musa tace.
Auree Flos Sophia, requiesce secure Sepulchro ;
Nostrum, Te extincto, plangere munus erit.*

R. P.

E 2

Upon



Upon the much-lamented Departure of
 the right Hopeful, and truly Noble,
 H E N R Y Lord H A S T I N G S,
 Son and Heir to the Right Honorable,
 FERDINANDO Earl of *Huntingdon*.

Come, Tragick *Muse*, finde me one Spring through all
Parnassus Rise, womb-swell'd with bitter'st Gall,
 To write my Heart, as Sable as the Herse ;
 My Thoughts as Black, as ever stood in Verse.
 Resigne, for once, th' *Elixar* of All yet
 Ere vow'd unto thy Shrine ; their Fancie, Wit,
 Their Language ; Youth of all ; yet all this Store,
 Too small to pencil That, which calls for More.
 Lend me a Fancie, which may reach ; a Minde
 As full of Excellency, in every kinde,
 As th'Earth of Causes, or the Heavens of Light : -
 The Sun's but full, and full's the *Margarite*.
 Fit me with Tiptoe-Language, to command
 The sharpest-ey'd Intellect, and force a stand :

Such

Such may the Subject be, so full of dress,
 Deserving more then Language can express.
 Furnish my Brain with onely so much Art,
 To tell the World, *There was One*, whose least part
 Deserv'd the largest Volume : tell me then,
 If so much Youth was not th' Abstract of Men.
 When These have done their parts, and Thousands more,
 All is but *Callis*, unto *Tagus* shore ;
 A Minute, to an Age ; Lead-Oar, to Gold :
 So precious was that Gem now Caskt in Mold.

If (Passenger) thou ask whom this may be,
 Thus Thron'd on such an height of Dignity ;
 I may not tell, but blushing, when each Letter
 Terms my speech rude, because 'tis spoke no better.
 Ghets by the Sequele ; see the Mourners all,
 Ev'n drunk with Asps, and Cockatrices gall ;
 Pensive to death : view next th' Attendants ; see
 How each one droops, because it was not he.
 The very Steeds which drew that heavenly Load,
 Went such a pace, as if they'd understood
 Their Master's fall ; so slowe, yet full of grace,
 As neer to come unto a parting-place.
 Like hairy Comets pregnant with Mishaps,
 Do seldom come alone ; but After-claps

Of Princely Horrour, (issues of that Womb :)
 Such (though in State) are Waiters on a Tomb.
 Lo here, the Crest, the Sword, the Gantlet, all
 Applauded Rites, that speak a Funeral,
 Like Comets, come before, and tell us plain,
 Some Prince his Death, or Noble Hero's slain.
 I can no longer hold : Look ye upon
 The Royal Arms, and then say, *Huntingdon*
 Hath now the largest share in this sad Fate ;
 Though *Darby*, *Suffolk*, *Clarence*, great in State,
 May challenge Blacks ; yet much more Royal Blood,
 Centred in *Hastings*, t' make a perfect Good :
 Amongst this Throng of Nobles, we may set
 A *Stuart*, *Tudor*, and *Plantagenet* :
 None e'er disdain'd this Royal, Loyal Stem,
 Faithful to Church, true to the Diadem :
 Well might it be thought Honour to fix there,
 Where God's sole Sovereign, and the prime sole Peer.
 So much of every Line, of every Good,
 Of every Vertue, extant in their Blood
 Was here ; that as in him they lived all
 Sweetly united ; so in him they fall.
 I here dare tell the mad *Pythagorist*,
 Helyes ; his Transmigration now hath mist :

A Body so compos'd ; each Lineament
 So perfect, full, exact, 's if Nature meant
 To shew her Master-piece : and that posselt
 With such a noble Soul, as ne'er can rest
 In coarser Roofs ; it can no other fit ;
 There's not a Subject capable of it.
 Judge in three words : he was, at these young yeers,
 A *Synod*, *Commons*, and an *House of Peers*.
 His pure, diviner Parts, shew him but lent
 The World, a Pattern for their Parliament ;
 Where ev'ry Member, like a Loyal Soul,
 Assists each other, to compleat the Whole.
 Of a just Temper, Gracious and Good
 To God and Man ; kept close, yet understood ;
 Apparent, yet unvoic'd ; made known to all
 But to himself : no ways *Thraasonical*
 Of what whole Ages might : therefore in brief,
 His Lords and Ladies highest Joy and Grief.
 Should I attempt each Circumstance to scan,
 Which makes the Grief unequall'd, as the Man ;
 'Tight by oddes far sooner end this Strife
 To Dead my Self, then This to th' Life.

Epitaph.

Here lies our Ages Paramont ; the Store
Of *Albions* shame, because it mourns no more.
And since the Fate is so , if, for his fall
We cannot weep enough, our *Children* shall

JOH. ROSSE.



Upon the unhappie Separation of those
united Souls, The Honorable
Henry Lord Hastings ,
And his beloved Parallel.

What make I here? how ill this place befits
A Shrub, to sprout i' th' *Lebanon* of *Wits* ?
Mong such *Cæsarean Muses*, whose pure strains
Out-soar the *Clouds* of *Sublunary* brains.

I'd quit the *place*, but that I know I may
Lament as *much*, though not so *well* as they.
Thus *Princely Eagles*, when together th'are
Met at a *Carcase*, yeeld the *Fly* a share.

The

The *Tongs* and *Jews-trump* too, when they do come
 In Confort, serve to fill a *Vacuum*,
 And to compleat the *sound*, though artless *Tone* :
 So he that can't *sing Elegies*, can groan.

Sad accident ! how pityable's *Man* !
Billow'd about this restless *Ocean* ;
Born to be *wretched* ; who no sooner doth
 Begin to *live* or *love*, but *dies* to *both* :
 The *Tennis-ball* bandy'd 'tween *Love* and *Fate*,
 Whom *both* do *court*, yet *both* do *emulate*.
 Whom (like young *Doctors*) *Women* use to kill,
 To try *Experiments*, and *nurse* their skill :
 The *Females Trophie*. Or if *Love* can't do't,
 To sink him, *Fate* contributeth her foot,
 To crush i' th' *Bud*. Thus the great *Hastings* di'd ;
 The *Young-mens Glory*, and the *Scholars Pride* ;
Envie's just *Zenith*—

But why should I *lament* his *death* ? since he
 Loseth not by't : but 'tis his *Love* and *We* ;
She, *We* 're undone ; for *both* have lost that *All*,
 That *She* could *Love*, or *We* could *Vertue* call :
 One who by's *Learning* did *demonstrate*, that
 There is a *Plebs* in *Brain*, as well as *State* ;

And

And by his Studies labour'd to derive
Nobility from *Worth*, its *Primitive* :

Whom he that would *mourn*, as he ought to do,
 Must be the *Poet*, and the *Subject* too.

Now others *Obsequies* are my *Thanksgiving* ;
 Nor mourn I for the *dead*, but for the *living*.

Poor *Hemistick* ! that but began to be
Inoculated, when she lost the *Tree*.

She that had *flam'd* her *soul* with *Hymens* fires,
 Who with full *Sayls*, *blown* on with strong *desires* ,
 In reach of *Hav'n*, in sight of *Safety*, sinks ;
 Up to the lips in *Nectar*, yet not drinks.

She that had past the Gulf of *Love* and *Wo*,
 (Which none but *we*, that *taste* and *feel*, can know)

Now must love o'er again, and come to be

New disciplin'd in *Cupids* A, B, C.

How vast a *world* has she to *range* about ?

How long a *search*, ere she can finde one out,

Second to him ? An *equal* we despair,

Like *Pallas* born o' th' brain of *Jupiter*.

Riddle of *Nature*, of *unfathom'd* parts,

Whose *Brain* was the *Synopsis* of all *Arts* :

Whose *Soul*, whose *Heart*, whose *Person* justly can

Stile *Lover*, *Scholar*, and a *Gentleman* :

Whom

Whom loaden *Nature* did designe to die
 Unwedded, being a *Genealogie*
 Unto himself, and therefore thought it *shame*
 To live in any *Issue* but his *Fame*.

This Sun in's *Zenith*, totters now, and falls;
 And *Death*'s the *Vigil* to *Loves Festivals*.
 Thus purest *Lovers*, when their *Joy* is near,
 Are by't struck *dead*, as *Cowards* are by *Fear*.

Yet though he could not know what Joys wait on
 The *Bridal-Bed*, but by *privation*;
 Now woes the *Angels*, and intends to be
Wedded to them in their *Virginity*.

Yet are the *Muses* cross'd: for had this hit,
 We'd joyn'd *Yorks* Wealth, to th' *Lancaster* of Wit.

Sic flevit

ALEX. BROME.

An



An *ELEGIE*

On the much-lamented death of the
Lord
HASTINGS.

A Lack, good young Lord *Hastings*, is he dead ?
He's rise again, as sure as buried.

There's Comfort yet that's worth our Sadness then :
But yet w'are bound to grieve, as to love men.
Shall I be silent then, not to relate

The Grievance of my Minde for this sad Fate ?
Wanting the Learned Phrases to set forth,
In high Ezpressions, such a Subject's worth.
Let deep Divines, that long have studied Art,
Adorn their Lines to please : I'll write my Part.

Then on, my mournful Pen, help, Muses nine,
That he may drop a Tear, that reads a Line ;
When he shall know the grievous Sighs and Groans
Of that sad Noble Race of *Huntingdons*.

Great

Great pity 'tis, so young a Branch as He,
 Should drop so sudden, from so good a Tree.
 But Heaven, th' Author of all earthly things,
 Must have his will on Lords, as well as Kings.
 Nor is the Root so faded, but hath power
 To plant a Graft that may produce a Flower,
 To equalize the Loss you so lament,
 And cure the Malady of Discontent.
 Cease not to mourn, yet, let not inward Grief
 Cause a Despair, since heaven can give relief.
 They're Angels guard him ; King of kings hath sent,
 Where's difference 'twixt a Jayl from Parliament.
 Cease then to weep ; for he and Angels sing
 Hallelujah in Heav'n, with *Charles* our King.

EDWARD STANDISH.

To



To the Memory of the Right Noble,
and most Hopeful,
Henry Lord Hastings,
Deceased.

AWay, my *Muse*, or bid me hence from thee ;
No Subject for thy help, nor Work for me,
This Story yeelds. For, by thy dictates, I
Never spilt Ink, except in Comedie ;
Which in the thronged Theatres did appear
All Mirth and Laughter. What should we do here,
Amidst an Inundation of such Grief,
As to be dry'd up cannot hope relief
Till the Last fry day ? Yet since 'tis so,
How can we scape our shares of general Wo ?
And (pardon me, *Thalia*) your sublime
Spirit, since this Vicissitude of Time
Has found no cause to smile, nor have you been
But Mourner-like, and but by Mourners seen.
And, though you cannot expresse Sorrow, I
Must be allow'd to shew Mortality ;

And

And grieve without your aid. No painting forth,
 Or Flourishes of Art, on Weight and Worth
 Are requisite : This Story is too true

To be made more perspicuous to our view,
 By adding Fiction to 't. All may be said

Or written in few words, *Lord Hastings's dead.*
 But who can stop at this ! when these few words
 An Argument wide, as the World affords,
 Of Grief ? Yet see ! th' expression to prevent,
 It stupifies us with Astonishment

Which dumbs us, and benums our Faculties,

And like an Over-charge within us lies :

Such, as in its Report, the Canon breaks :

No less this Sorrow threatens, ere it speaks.

Now let Sigh-tempests and Tear-torrents rise,

To pour out Marble-hearts, th'row melting Eyes,
 For this dear Loss : when we are forc'd to say,

The Hope of *Huntingdon* is turn'd to Clay ; }
Henry Lord Hastings, He—Here let me stay : }

Sad *World*, I tell thee *Who* he was, not *What* ;
That would o'er-swell the Volume : Read thou that

In the precedent *Elegies*, here writ,
 By Masters of best Eloquence and Wit.

Read, and mark well his Character, and know,
 They do of Truth more then Affection shew.

On this ingenuous Subject none could lye,
 Though ne'er so much inspir'd with Poetry.
 Enrich thy Knowledge, once, by having read
 More Vertue, then is Living, of one Dead.
 They are march'd on. Now I bring up the Rear,
 And not without as True and Salt a Tear
 As the Van-leader of this solemn Train:
 Onely to thee I utter this again,
 Thou *World*, Read and Collect all, here, exprest
 Of Excellencies on this Lord deceast;
 And adde, with it, all thou canst think is good;
 And all that thou canst wish were understood
 To be thine own, to all is said before;
 Great *Hastings* was, and is all that, and more.

RIC. BROME.



Here was the end of the Book intended to
 have been; and so was it Printed, be-
 fore these following Papers were written or
 sent in.

Of

Of all those the Noble, Reverend and worthy Writers nominated in the Catalogue without their due Additions of Title, or listed contrary to their Degree or Quality, a Pardon is most humbly desired for the Collector, whose Crime of Ignorance grew out of the want of timely Instruction.



POSTSCRIPT.

ELEGIES,

Written by

M. Andrew Marvel.

M. M. N.

M. Joannes Harmarus.

Joannes Dryden.

Cyrellus Wyche.

Edw. Campion.

Tho. Adams.

M. Radulphus Mountague.

F

Upon



Upon the death of the Lord
HASTINGS.

GO, intercept some Fountain in the Vein,
 Whose Virgin-Source yet never steep the Plain.

Hastings is dead, and we must finde a Store
 Of Tears untoucht, and never wept before.
 Go, stand betwixt the *Morning* and the *Flowers* ;
 And, ere they fall, arrest the early *Showers*.
Hastings is dead ; and we, disconsolate,
 With early *Tears* must mourn his early *Fate*.

Alas, his *Vertues* did his *Death* presage :
 Needs must he die, that doth out-run his *Age*.
 The Phlegmatick and Slowe prolongs his day,
 And on Times Wheel sticks like a *Remora*.
 What man is he, that hath not *Heaven* beguil'd,
 And is not thence mistaken for a *Childe* ?
 While those of growth more sudden, and more bold,
 Are hurried hence, as if already old.
 For, there above, They number not as here,
 But weight to Man the *Geometrick* year.

Had he but at this Measure still increast,
 And on *the Tree of Life* once made a Feast,
 As that of *Knowledge* ; what Loves had he given
 To Earth, and then what Jealousies to Heaven !
 But 't is a *Maxime* of that State, That none,
 Lest He become like Them, taste more then one.
 Therefore the *Democratick* Stars did rise,
 And all that Worth from hence did *Ostracize*.

Yet as some *Prince*, that, for State-Jealousie,
 Secures his neereft and most lov'd *Ally* ;
 His Thought with richest Triumphs entertains,
 And in the choicest Pleasures charms his Pains :
 So he, not banisht hence, but there confin'd,
 There better recreates his active Minde.

Before the *Chrystal Palace* where he dwells,
 The armed *Angels* hold their *Carouzels* ;
 And underneath, he views the *Turnaments*
 Of all these Sublunary *Elements*.
 But most he doth th' *Eternal Book* behold,
 On which the *happie Names* do stand enroll'd ;
 And gladly there can all his Kinred claim,
 But most rejoyces at his *Mothers* name.

The gods themselves cannot their Joy conceal,
 But draw their Veils, and their pure Beams reveal :

Onely they drooping *Hymeneus* note,
 Who for sad *Purple*, tears his *Saffron*-coat ;
 And trails his Torches th'row the Starry Hall
 Reversed, at his *Darlings* Funeral.

And *Æsculapius*, who, asham'd and stern,
 Himself at once condemneth, and *Mayern* ;
 Like some sad *Chymist*, who, prepar'd to reap
 The *Golden Harvest*, sees his *Glasses* leap.
 For, how Immortal must their Race have stood,
 Had *Mayern* once been mixt with *Hastings* blood !
 How Sweet and Verdant would these *Lawrels* be,
 Had they been planted on that *Balsam*-tree !

But what could he, good man, although he bruis'd
 All Herbs, and them a thousand ways infus'd ?
 All he had try'd, but all in vain, he saw,
 And wept, as we, without Redress or Law.
 For *Man* (alas) is but the *Heavens* sport ;
 And *Art* indeed is Long, but *Life* is Short.

ANDREW MARVEL.

On



On the untimely death of the Lord
H A S T I N G S,
 Son to the Earl of HUNTINGDON.

IT is decreed, we must be drain'd (I see)
 Down to the dregs of a *Democracie* :
 Death's i' the Plot, and in his drunken mood
 Swills none, of late, but streams of Noble Blood.
 Was't not enough the *Hatchet* did hew down
 Those well-grown Oaks, and Pillars of the Crown,
 But that the tender Sapling too must fall
 Thus, to inhance the Kingdoms Funeral ?
 Ye Widow'd *Graces*, and ye *Muses* too,
 Bring your Perfumes ; with Tears and Flowers bestrew
 This sacred Temple, where ye once did sit
 Crowned with all the pomp of Youth and Wit.

'Tis **H A S T I N G S**, he that promis'd to appear
 What *Strafford*, *Falkland*, and brave *Capel* were ;
 Whose pregnant Brain spake a descent from *Jove*,
 And Shape Celestial, from the *Queen of Love* ;

So that, to charm the World, he match'd the grace
Of *Nestors* Wisdom with *Adonis* Face.

The Nurse *Minerva* boasts how this her son
Suck'd dry the Poets and their *Helicon* ;
With what a nimble pace he posted ore
The fields of *Phant'sie*, rifled all her Store,
Cropt ev'ry Flow'r and Tulip which did grow,
To make a Garland for his own fair Brow ;
That young *Apollo* never wan more Praise,
When he pursu'd his Love, and catcht the *Bays*.

This but the *Bud*; these but the Blossoms were ;
The *Fruit* grew ripe in Studies more severe,
Where he seem'd born to master and control
Both the *Cecropian* and the *Roman* School,
Big with designe t' usurp the Chair of Wit
From *Tully*, and depose the *Stagirit*.

Adde next to these, the Grace which did belong
T' unlock those Treasures with a Golden tongue ;
A Tongue so rarely furnisht, as might boast
It self of kin to those at *Pentecost* ;
And in their proper Languages begun
To court the Rising and the Setting Sun ;
Fit to reform our own degen'rous Sprites,
And plant the world with Loyal Profelytes.

Thus

Thus ripen'd, (see !) this rare Example stood
 No less ennobled in Desert then Blood ;
 Whilst others, swoln high with an empty Name,
 Leave nothing but their Lusts and Sins to Fame :
 But if you'll Noble be indeed, your yeers
 Improve like him, strive to become his *Peers*.
 How joy'd, (think you) the Noble *Huntingdon*,
 To be thus copi'd in so brave a Son !
 How did he bless, admire, and smile, to see
 This young *Ascanius* of his Family,
 As did *Aeneas* that his onely Joy,
 The precious Relique of confounded *Troy* !
 What Fruits he reckon'd would the *Harvest* bring,
 After so sweet and so serene a *Spring* !
 How fair an Issue should the Boy beget,
 Good as their Sire, and as their Grandfires Great,
 Whose Vertues claim this Title to their Line,
 Of all the *British Heroes* most Divine.

No marvel then the famous *Mayern* strove
 To place his Childe where he had fixt his Love,
 Melting the *Indies*, to unite in one
 His Onely Daughter with this onely Son ;
 That so his longing Soul might once behold
 This Jewel set within his Ring of Gold.

The old man woo'd, as if he meant to prove
 An earnest Rival in his daughters love ;
 Gave *Hymen* speedy Orders to prepare
 The Triumphs due unto this harmless War ;
 Invited all the gods of Mirth and Wine,
 That, as Themselves, the Feast might be Divine :
Venus her Trinkets sent, without delay,
 To dress ten thousand *Cupids* for the day :
 The *Duellists* with plighted hands did greet,
 And promis'd quick within the Lists to meet ;
 The lustre of whose mutual Smiles and Rays,
 Foretold a Sunshine of auspicious days.
 But Oh ! the Scene is alter'd ; some cross Star
 Darts down Infection th'row the Hemisphear :
 Those eyes which *Hymen* hop'd should light his Torch,
 Æthereal flames of Fevers now do scorch,
 And *envious Pimples* too dig Graves apace,
 To bury all the Glories of his face :
 The *Boy-god* sighing, soon unbends his Bowe,
 And, with his Mother, lies extinct belowe,
 In vain expecting Succour, while the Race
 Of *Stygian* Monsters seize upon the place ;
 Where they their Revels keep, mocking the skill
 Of best *Physicians*, and then rage their fill,

Till ugly Death his dire Magnetick Dart
 Shot th'row the Veins, to hit his tender Heart,
 Ruined the Fort, and then snatch'd the Prize
 Due to the conquest of his Ladies eyes.
 The onely Legacies he left us, are,
Grief to his Friends; and to the World, *Despair*.

So when fair *Phæbus* 'gins to gild the Morn,
 Some fullen Cloud, within a moment born,
 Sends Hell and Darknes th'row the air to flie,
 And all with Mourning hangs the lofty Skie.

M. N.

De



De honoratissimo Juvene,
 Dom. *HENRICO HASTING*;
Linguis, Artibus, & Virtutibus
 excultissimo,

Comitis HUNTINGDONIÆ Filio Unico;
 qui undevicesimum Ætatis suæ
 annum ageas, diem obiit, ma-
 gno cum *Litararum* juxtà &
Literatorum detrimento.

PEgæsus excussit fontem unum e Vertice montis;
Laxat at hîc fontes singula Musa duos.
Semper ut è teneris lacrymæ Labuntur ocellis,
Sic LACRYMÆ Musis Musica semper erit.

Apostrophe ad defunctum.

Qui Musas omnes in Te complexus es uno,
Musa Tibi non est quæ fleat una satis.

Περὶ τῷ αὐτῷ.

Τέρμα βίῃ γῆρας· γῆρας τέλος ἔστι τελευτή·

Κάτθανεν· ἡδὺς καὶ νεότητι γέρον.

Κέρον, ταῖς ἀρεταῖσι γέροντα, καθεύετο πόλιν·

Δυστραχὺ εἰαρινὸν ῥῖγος ἔμαρτε ῥόδον.

Περὶ τῷ αὐτῷ.

Νυμφίον ἐσόμενον θερμὴ νόσος ἤρπασε κέρον·

Γήϊνον ὥστε λυπεῖν τοῖς μερόπεσι γάμον.

Πρὸς γάμον ἄλλον ἔβη, πρὸς νυμφίον ἀγλαόν, αὐτὸς

Νύμφη, Χερσὸν ἔβη, νυμφίον ἐράνιον.

JOANNES HARMARUS,

Oxonienſis. φιλῷαξος,

& C.W.M. mœrens

poſuit.

Upon



Upon the death of the Lord
HASTINGS.

MUST Noble *Hastings* Immaturely die,
 (The Honour of his ancient Family ?)
 Beauty and Learning thus together meet,
 To bring a *Winding* for a *Wedding-sheet* ?
 Must *Vertue* prove *Death's* Harbinger ? Must She,
 With him expiring, feel Mortality ?
 Is *Death* (Sin's wages) Grace's now ? shall Art
 Make us more Learned, onely to depart ?
 If Merit be Disease, if Vertue Death ;
 To be Good, Not to be ; who'd then bequeath
 Himself to Discipline ? Who'd not esteem
 Labour a Crime, Study Self-murther deem ?
 Our *Noble Youth* now have pretence to be
 Dunces securely, Ign'rant healthfully.
 Rare Linguist! whose Worth speaks it self, whose Praise,
 Though not his Own, all Tongues Besides do raise :
 Then Whom, Great *Alexander* may seem Less ;
 Who conquer'd Men, but not their Languages.

In his mouth Nations speak ; his Tongue might be
Interpreter to *Greece, France, Italy*.

His native Soyl was the Four parts o' th' Earth ;

All *Europe* was too narrow for his Birth.

A young Apostle ; and (with rev'rence may
I speak 'it) inspir'd with gift of Tongues, as They.

Nature gave him, a Childe, what Men in vain
Oft strive, by Art though further'd, to obtain.

His Body was an Orb, his sublime Soul
Did move on Vertue's and on Learning's Pole :

Whose Reg'lar Motions better to our view,
Then *Archimedes* Sphere, the Heavens did shew.

Graces and Vertues, Languages and Arts,
Beauty and Learning, fill'd up all the parts.

Heav'ns Gifts, which do, like falling Stars, appear
Scatter'd in Others ; all, as in their Sphear,

Were fix'd and conglobate in 's Soul ; and thence
Shone th'row his Body, with sweet Influence ;

Letting their Glories so on each Limb fall,
The whole Frame render'd was Celestial.

Come, learned *Ptolomy*, and trial make,
If thou this Hero's Altitude canst take ;

But that transcends thy skill ; thrice happie all,
Could we but prove thus Astronomical.

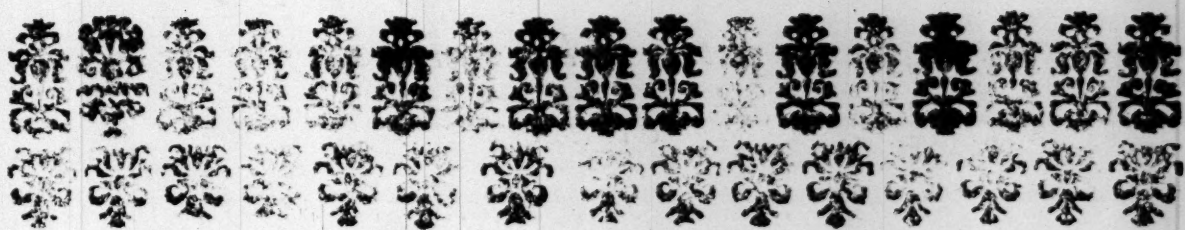
Liv'd *Tyche* now, struck with this Ray, (which shone
 More bright i' th' Morn, then others beam at Noon)
 He'd take his *Astrolabe*, and seek out here
 What new Star 't was did gild our Hemisphere.
 Replenish'd then with such rare Gifts as these,
 Where was room left for such a Foul Disease?
 The Nations sin hath drawn that Veil, which shrouds
 Our Day-spring in so sad benighting Clouds.
 Heaven would no longer trust its Pledge; but thus
 Recall'd it; rapt its *Ganymede* from us.
 Was there no milder way but the Small Pox,
 The very Filth'ness of *Pandora's* Box?
 So many Spots, like *naves*, our *Venus* foil?
 One Jewel set off with so many a Foil?
 Blisters with pride swell'd, which th'row's flesh did sprout
 Like Rose-buds, stuck i' th' Lily-skin about.
 Each little Pimple had a Tear in it,
 To wail the fault its rising did commit:
 Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at strife,
 Thus made an Insurrection 'gainst his Life.
 Or were these Gems sent to adorn his Skin,
 The Cab'net of a richer Soul within?
 No Comet need foretel his Change drew on,
 Whose Corps might seem a *Constellation*.

O had he di'd of old, how great a strife
 Had been, who from his Death should draw their Life ?
 Who should, by one rich draught, become what ere
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Caesar, were :
 Learn'd, Vertuous, Pious, Great ; and have by this
 An universal *Metempsychosis*.
 Must all these ag'd Sires in one Funeral
 Expire ? All die in one so young, so small ?
 Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great Fame
 Had swoln 'bove any *Greek* or *Romane* Name.
 But hasty Winter, with one blast, hath brought
 The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
 Thus fades the Oak i' th' sprig, i' th' blade the Corn ;
 Thus, without Young, this *Phœnix* dies, new born.
 Must then old three-legg'd gray-beards with their Gout,
 Catarrhs, Rheums, Aches, live three Ages out ?
 Times Offal, onely fit for th' Hospital,
 Or t' hang an Antiquaries room withal ;
 Must Drunkards, Lechers, spent with Sinning, live
 With such helps as Broths, Possits, Physick give ?
 None live, but such as should die ? Shall we meet
 With none but Ghostly Fathers in the Street ?
 Grief makes me rail ; Sorrow will force its way ;
 And, Show'rs of Tears, Tempestuous Sighs best lay.

The Tongue may fail; but over-flowing Eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of *Elegies*.

But thou, O *Virgin-Widow*, left alone,
Now thy belov'd, heaven-ravisht *Sponse* is gone,
(Whose skilful Sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy Balm was no Remedy)
With greater then *Platonick* love, O wed
His Soul, though not his Body, to thy Bed :
Let that make thee a Mother ; bring thou forth
Th' *Idea's* of his Vertue, Knowledge, Worth ;
Transcribe th' Original in new Copies ; give
Hastings o' th' better part : so shall he live
In's Nobler Half ; and the great Grandfire be
Of an Heroick Divine Progenie :
An Issue, which t' Eternity shall last,
Yet but th' Irradiations which he cast.
Erect no *Mausoleums* : for his best
Monument is his Spouses Marble brest.

JOHANNES DRYDEN,
Scholæ Westm.
Alumnus.



In Obitum Honoratissimi Viri,
Domini

HENRICI HASTINGS.

Incipe lugubris, Musa incipe nostra, querelas ;
 Contineat Lachrymas nec Cytherea suas :
 Excidit amplexu Musarum abreptus Alumnus ;
 Pulchrior Idalio Sponsus Adone perit.
 Cum celebranda forent læto connubia cantu,
 Ferres accensas tūque Hymenææ faces :
 Pronuba præbebant piceas funalia flammæ ;
 Junonis subiit tunc Libitina vices.
 Vertitur in mœstum genialis sponda feretrum ;
 Fit vespillo, prius qui Paranympheus erat.
 Flent omnes tristique irrorant imbre cadaver ;
 Et superat morbi lachryma fusa notas.
 Pro virtute tuâ si vota superstitute dentur,
 Victima si pro te sospite digna cadat ;

Ut Pietas, Virtus, Lingueque, Artèsque supersint,
 Nec pereat forma, aut Nobilitatis honos ;
 Qui pro communi renuit se tradere Fato,
 Non tibi, sed Patriæ denegat officium.
 Occidis exemplar, generosæ & norma juventæ ;
 Insequitur morum magna ruina tuam.
 Vita tibi dempta est, sed nobis Regula vitæ :
 Tecum Nobilitas semisepulta jacet.
 Græcia, Roma, tuam excoluit (quæ Natio!) Linguam :
 Qui totum excoleret te, minor orbis erit.
 Tantus es, ut cœli tumultandus in orbibus esses ;
 Non satis in Tumulum terra Britanna patet.
 At quid amator eras ? Musarum castra sequenti
 Permansit puro sanguine sana cutis.
 Mox ubi pectus amor, Morbilli corpus adurunt :
 Tabe omni costis fortiùs urit amor.
 Protegis arte tuâ cultores Phœbe ; dolendum est
 Arte quod in Medicâ nil Cytherea potest.
 Sponsa parata, velut pulchræ virtutis Idea,
 Interiore animam concremat igne tuam.
 I procul hinc conjux, auges incendia fletu,
 Vulnerat ex oculis ignea gutta tuæ.
 Est toleranda mihi duri inclementia morbi ;
 Virtus, aut facies non toleranda tua est.

Extur-

*Exturget mihi Mens, & laxat Corporis arcta
 Vincula, in amplexus non satis ampla tuos :
 Extenditque cutem, partésque exporrigit omnes,
 Ruptaque mille aditus per sua membra parat.
 Exit Sponsi anima, in gremium Sponseque recepta est :
 Non duo, jam nexi mentibus unus erunt.
 Totus amor, totus nunc Spiritus, I pete cœlos :
 Non Sponsus, Christi sis modo Sponsa tui.*

CYRILLUS WYCHE,
Scholæ Westm. Alumnus.



PUllâ hâc in Urnâ seculi Genius sui
 Reclinat augustum caput :
 Natura multâ dote quem ditaverat,
 Hominûmque cœtu exemerat.
 Mortalitem nisi fateretur suam,
 Intelligentiam putes.
 Desideratiûs quis unquam vixerit,
 Poteritve flebiliûs mori ?
 Meditentur alii busta, suspendant Tholos,
 Titulis onusti grandibus :

Quorum superstes fama Marmoribus manet

Tribuenda, non meritis suis.

Non poscit Hastings Funeris pompam hanc sui ;

Sibi non Sepulchra postulat,

Epitaphiúmve, quod recenseret quibus

Sit ortus à Penatibus.

Pietate, Factis, Arte, Linguis Inclytus

Stat Ipse Monumentum sibi.

EDW. CAMPION,

Scholæ Westm.

Alumnus.



Artibus, & Linguis, & Sanguine Nobilis Heros,
Urnula tot dotes non capit una tuas.

Vix capiti locus est ; in cœlis quære sepulchrum :

Terra negat, Tumulo non satis ampla tuo.

Scribenti titulos mihi longa excrescit Honorum

Pagina ; & inceptis grandior illa meis.

Nescimus Patriam, tua si modo lingua loquatur :

Esse suam credit Grecia, Roma suam.

Non unus moreris, funus non plangimus unum ;

Sed strages hominum, sed Mægrosque obis.

Fama

*Fama superjectam Cœlo dignissima terram
 Rumpit, & ad similes te vehit alta deos.
 Pallas virtutes, artes donavit Apollo ;
 Mors tamen has, illas invidiosa rapit.
 Parca parat sua tela, parat sua tela Cupido ;
 Comburit corpus pustula, pectus amor.
 Festinat Citherea suas accendere tadas :
 Accendit tadas invisa Parca suas.
 Exornat Citherea torum, Libitina Sepulchrum ;
 Illa suum sternit floribus, illa suum.
 Laberis ex Thalamo in Tumulum ; mirabile Spectrum
 Visus es, & Sponsa non procus esse tue.
 Sponsa tuam mirata luem, restinguere vulnus
 Conatur lachrymis ; sed magis ardet amor.
 Impatiens morbi ruit in contagia ; cura
 Tanta Tui est, ut sit nulla relictâ Sui.
 Sit licet atra lues, & nil nisi pustula corpus,
 Ibit in ampexus (vel moritura) tuos :
 Et placere tui magis exanthemata vultûs,
 Quàm flores propriis qui rubuere genis.
 Cum Sponsâ mea Musa tuâ te plangit amâque,
 Cum linguis muta est sed mea Musa tuis.*

THO. ADAMS, Scholæ
 Westm. Alumnus.

No-



Nobilium pueris bulla olim insignia ; Morbi
 Nos insignivit plurima bulla notis.

Me nuper languente, infecit pustula corpus ;

fam mentem affecit, Te moriente, neam.

Morbi iterum videor tecum sentire dolores :

Quàm leve ferre meos, quàm grave ferre tuos !

Partior ipse tui languores corporis : O si

Virtutes animæ partiar ipse Tux !

RADULPHUS MOUNTAGUE,

EDWARDI MOUNTAGUE Baro-
nis de Boughton Filius natu
minor, ex Scholâ Westmonast.

FINIS.

— *Vana Salus hominis.*

PIETATI SACRUM.

H. S. E.

Quod mortale fuit

I. N. R. I.

Præstolans Epiphaniam, depositum

HENRICI BARONIS HASTINGS

Com. *Venantoduni* Hæredis designati,
Sobole antiquissimâ & verè Regiâ progenerati.

Quippe cujus

Prænobile fluentum per Hungerfordios & Piperelios à *Ludovico*
VI Francorum Regis origine devolvit.

Per Polos Masculo rivo è Venedotiæ principe deflavit;
Fœmineo ductu è *Clarentio*, è Lineâ *Plantagenistarum*,
Ebullienti *Nevillorum* Scaturigine è Bello-campo promanat,
Qui è Mortuo-mari profilit,

Bello-campi per dispensatores ab *Henrico* primo Angliæ
Per *Nevillos Monte-acuto* impetu ex *Edw. I.* Regio;
Noviss. per *Stanleos* luculenter prolabitur ab *Hen. VII.* sinu,
Terreni Sanguinis factus exhæres,
Cœlestem crevit hæreditatem.

CLARITATEM SANGUINIS INGENII DOTIBUS SUPERAVIT.

H. I.

Trilinguis Sacer; nec non Gallici & Vernaculi idiomatis ornamentum.

Par decus artium.

Historiarum indagator Sagacissimus.

Omnifaræ eruditionis Academia, magnum Numen.

SED VICIT INGENIUM MORUM ET PROBITATIS CANDOR.

E C C E,

Suavitatis Suada, Cor Gratiarum, Sedes Amorum;
Votum & deliciæ populi dudum; Nunc desiderium;
Divini amoris flamma: Denuò Astrum.

Filius obsequens, Dominus benignus, impubes æthicus Senex;
Unicum familiæ columen;

Pridiè Sponsalium (proh *Hymenæe*) Funere luit immaturo.

At, at

Sanguine Christi longè maxumè Nobilior,
Sacrarum Literarum studio consultior,
Trini-unius cultu Sanctior, cluens,
Raptus in patriam obiit.

Divi defuncti manibus ingens hoc doloris Amphitheatrum tota Gens Britonum

L. M. Q.

Posuit.

*Gloria Dei est
celare verbum.
Prov.*

*Denatus A. D.
C^L I⁵ C^L IX.
ix Kal. Julii. h*

PHIL. KINDER.